

SUMMER TALLY HO-HO-HO! ISSUE

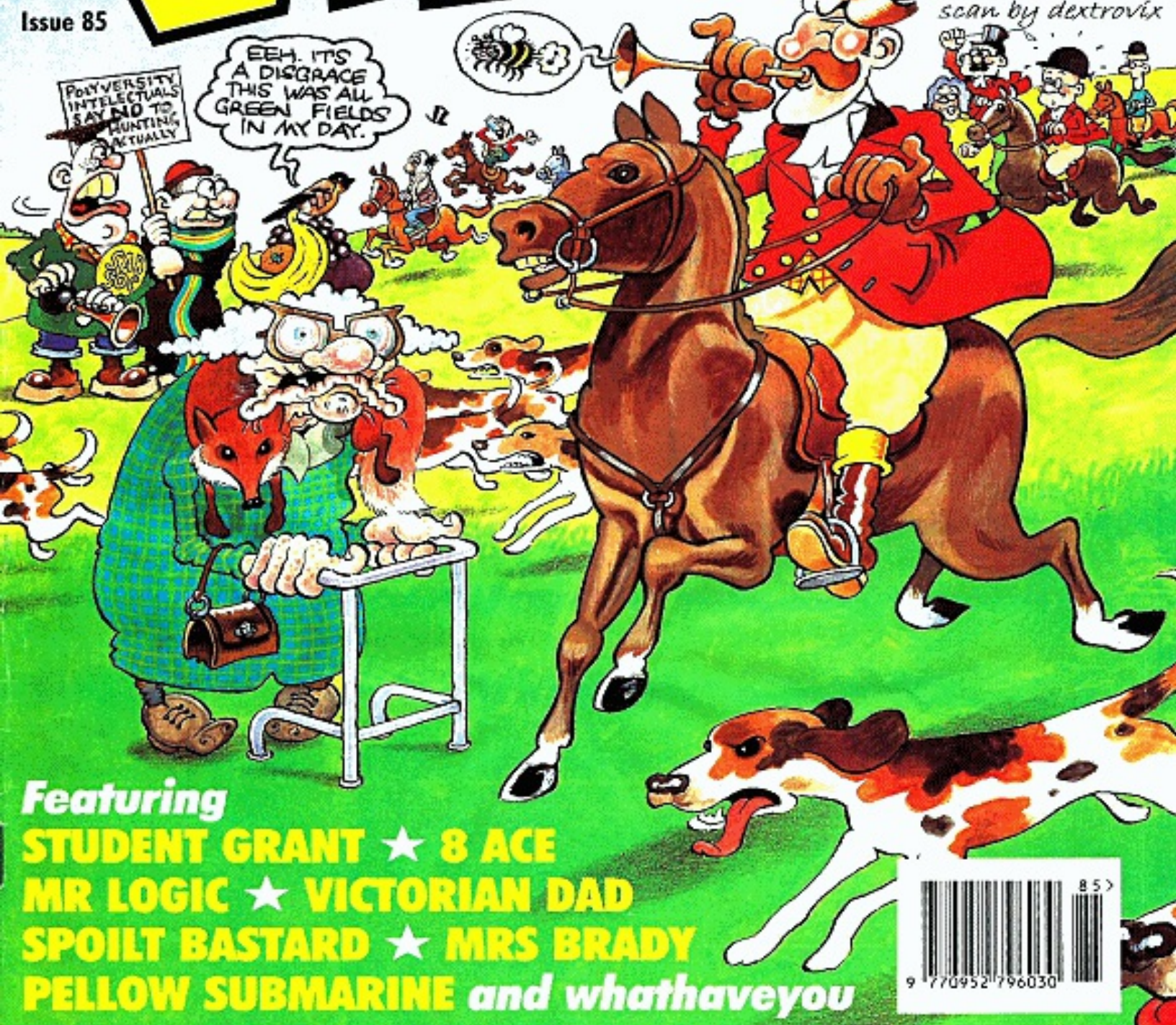
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VIZ

Issue 85

**More fun than
watching dogs
rip a fox to bits
and wiping its blood
on your
kids' faces**

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Featuring
STUDENT GRANT ★ 8 ACE
MR LOGIC ★ VICTORIAN DAD
SPOILT BASTARD ★ MRS BRADY
PELLOW SUBMARINE and whathaveyou



YOUR CHANCE TO ROMP WITH A NAKED PRINCESS DI!

A Hunting Carol



Victorian Dad





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LetterBooks

He'll get by with a little help from the lottery

☐ I think it's a disgrace that Lottery money is to be spent renovating Paul McCartney's council house in Liverpool. With all his money he could easily afford to do it himself. When it's finished he'll just sell it at a profit, then go and live in a mansion like all these other pop stars.

J. Ninety
Weston Supermarionation

☐ Am I alone in my contempt for those cyclists who show scant regard for legitimate pedestrians by straying onto the pavement whenever presented by an obstruction in road traffic. How disappointing, then, to witness a teenage wank favourite of mine, Jenny Agutter, doing just



that. Having clocked her boat race at close quarters perhaps the name Jenny HAGGARDER ought now to be the appropriate sobriquet. The tragic irony of the fact that this incident occurred just outside Battersea Dogs Home was not lost on me either, I can tell you.

W. Woothant
South London

* What's a sobriquet?

TOP TIP

MOTORISTS. Save time when putting a tenner's worth of petrol in your car by avoiding garages with competitively priced petrol.

Alan S.
Oxford

☐ They say that football is a game of two halves. Not for me it isn't. I regularly down eight or nine pints whilst watching a live game on Sky TV in my local.

Adrian Bond
London SE10

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☐ With regard to the popular army game of 'soggy biscuit'. Anyone who wins the game (i.e. comes first in the milk race) is clearly a poof, as the sight of their opponents knobs has spurred them into action. The loser, who takes the biscuit, is more of a man than they'll ever be.

S. Hope
Long Eaton

Where's the beef curtains?

☐ I've always thought politicians were cunts, but this article from The Wall Street Journal seems to prove it.

Abner C. Mankiewicz III
Chicago, USA



P.C. Tips

☐ People don't seem to have a good word to say about the police these days. Well our local bobby is wonderful. He regularly pops in for a cup of tea and a chat. Mind you, I'm a tea lady in the police station canteen.

Ethel McChicken
Sandwich

Put your feet up and enjoy a nice cuppa with your Viz

TOP TIP

Brought to you in association with

Take a Tip from PG. Try our new Pyramid tea bags - a revolution in tea bag technology - with 50% more room for your tea to infuse with the water. We think you'll like it. We certainly hope so, cos pretty soon we're not going to make the square ones anymore.



☐ The magnificent spectacle of the fox hunt need not be lost if the government decides to outlaw hunting. The dogs could quite easily be trained to hunt a pillow case full of sausages instead. When they eventually track down their quarry they could rip it open, and eat the sausages. The huntsmen could join in, cooking some of the sausages on a small, portable barbecue. And instead of blood, children hunting for the first time could have their faces smeared with mustard.

U. Bulgaria
Wimbledon

TOP TIP

LORRY drivers. If you get a chance in between murdering female hitch hikers, remember to overtake each other on dual carriageways travelling at 50 and 51 mph respectively, in order to prevent us irresponsible car drivers from speeding. Thanks.

S. Davis-Group
Wirral

☐ What animal rights protesters and New Labour MPs fail to understand about fox hunting is that only one in ten hunts actually results in the death of a fox. It's usually just some old woman's pet cat that gets torn to shreds as the stuck up twats pile through her back garden pissed up on sherry. Us foxes are more likely to get run over crossing the road than killed by a fox hunt. We don't give a toss either way whether they ban it or not.

Johnny the Fox
New Forest

TOP TIP

FAT lasses. Remember to paint your toenails before you go out on the town. If you don't, people might notice how fat you are.

K. Walkden-Smith
Tranmere

☐ I become incensed when I see opticians wearing glasses. These people should be sacked at once. What right have they to criticise other people's eyesight when they cannot see properly themselves?

Arthur Rittick-Joints
Stairlift-on-Sea



☐ Lisa Stansfield, Frank Bruno, Chris Eubank. Fucking enormous nostrils. Frank and Chris are boxers. So what's her excuse?

Ed Sylvester
Rickmansworth

TOP TIP

FARMERS. An upturned dead sheep makes an ideal "Space Hopper" for two children, one facing in each direction. Farmer Gouldstone Corsham, Wilts.

☐ If you think Viz isn't funny anymore, try watching Jasper Carrot.

H. Prelude
Beijing

Continued...

Pig's cock up

With regard to your correspondent Jonathan Chiles' photograph of a 'pig's cock' (issue 84). As any pig farmer or pork fetishist worth his salt will tell you, a pig's pork sword is corkscrew shaped. The wanger which appeared on your Letterbooks page clearly belongs to a South American tapir.

M. Achurch
Oxford University
Department of Pig's Cocks

Horny animal

I was impressed by the bloke with a pig's cock in issue 84. But how about this for a bit of animal magic spotted in Edinburgh Zoo recently.



They say rhino horn is an aphrodisiac. I've got a good idea which horn the lady rhinos would prefer blowing on! And its not on his nose, I can tell you.

Rhino Neal
Howdon, Tyne & Wear

Following on from your pig's cock, and the less impressive rhino willy in this issue. It would appear the smaller the animal, the bigger the cock if this rather disappointing elephant's love trumpet is anything to go by.

Louise
Leytonstone



TOP TIP

MANCHESTER United supporters. A fetching bridesmaid's dress, such as a violet taffeta frock with puff ball sleeves, costs slightly less than your team's newest away kit. And dressed in such flouney regalia no-one will be in any doubt as to which team you support.

J.T.
Newcastle

They say that an area of Brazilian rain forest the size of Wales is destroyed every year. What people forget however, is that Wales is only a small country, so small in fact that it only has half a handful of professional football clubs, all of whom play in the English league. Brazil, on the other hand, are the current world champions. So what's the problem?

Mr D. Tox
Ilficationprogramme

Monkey business

Don't invite chimps to your birthday parties. They drink tea straight out of the spout, and if you give them a bun they eat the cherry off the top and squash the rest. I know because I saw it happen in Leeds years ago. Or I had a dream about it. I can't remember.

Mark Mango Bingo
Ward 3, Pontefract General Hospital

Sod's law

They say that a cat always lands on its feet, and when toast is dropped it always lands buttered side down. As an experiment I threw my neighbour's cat out of the window with a piece of buttered toast strapped to its back. And what happened? She called the police.

Chris Hlavac
Christchurch, NZ

With regard to Steve Daniels celebrity anagrams request (issue 84). I managed to come up with the following:



Nicky Campbell - SMART ARSE CUNT
Chris Evans - GINGER SMART ARSE CUNT
Danny Baker - COMPLETE FUCKING ANNOYING SMART ARSE CUNT

Granted, technically speaking they are not all perfect anagrams. But they loosely adhere to the general principal.

G. McKendrick
(Anagram: USELESS FUCK ALL TO DO CUNT)
Glasgow

TOP TIP

PLASTIC containers that new tooth brushes come in make ideal 'crystal coffins' for Sleeping Beauty earthworms.

Nick
Hawick ("Hoy-ik")

I see that this here "orange marching season" is on again in Paisley country, and with it come the usual problems. Why not give these patriotic marchers something useful to do? If the government built a giant treadmill they could march and march and march to their heart's content without burning anyone's house down. And their marching could generate electricity which would be good for the environment too.

Paul Gardner
London

TOP TIP

MIX tea with coffee, and leave in the fridge to cool. Hey presto! Toffee.

A. Sharp
Birmingham

No smoke without matches

There's no point in banning alcopops just because some 14 year old kid burns his school down after drinking a couple of stiff lemonades. Lets face it, if pop was alcoholic when we were kids, we'd have all burnt our schools down.

The do-gooders have got it all wrong. If they want to stop arson, they should ban the sale of matches, cigarette lighters and magnifying glasses in the summer. Not harmless alcoholic drinks for fun-loving youngsters.

Mac Ham
Hetton-le-Hole

TOP TIP

YUPPIE housewives. Rather than buying a four wheel drive vehicle with bull bars attached, why not simply shop at a supermarket which has a tarmac surface on its car park and no rhinos grazing in the vicinity.

B. Lamb
Batham

Your man-hating, wimmin-loving right-on feminist Millie Taint is alive and well, and was spotted at Glastonbury Festival this year.

S. Marton
Spital, Wirral



Routine enquiry

I've just read somewhere that comedian Norman Collier has hundreds of comedy routines which he can perform at the drop of a hat. So why the fuck does he always do a chicken impression and the broken microphone routine every time on he's on telly?

S. Maley
North Shields

P.S. Come to think of it, he hasn't been on telly for quite a while. Has anyone seen the bastard lately?

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96 flesh filled pages for your one handed delight featuring hours of furious fun and friction for bishop bashing blokes of all ages.

Don't miss issue 1!



On sale now from newsagents

Pubic house

Any of your male readers holidaying in Spain this summer might like to try sticking their cocks into this pub in Barcelona.

Ken Wilkins
Guildford

TOP TIP

PICK your ears with the live end of a match. Then leave it to dry. Hey presto! A waterproof 'survival' match, ideal for camping in damp conditions.

John T.
Thropton

Blow profile



You don't see much of Gillian Tylforth in the papers these days. She must be keeping her head down of late.

A. Walsh-Atkins
Moseley, Birmingham

TOP TIP

OFFICE WORKERS. Avoid distractions from your important paperwork by making 'blinders' out of two Post-it note stickers, one stuck to each temple.

Fanny Cyclops
South Norwood



Quiet day at the chambers

It is with regret that I feel I must write to point out three legal inaccuracies in your cartoon strip Billy Quizz (issue 84).

1. Since the implementation of the Family Law Act 1996 the grounds of "unreasonable behaviour" (s.1 (2) (b) MCA 1973) has been abolished. Glenda could only get a divorce on the grounds of 'irretrievable breakdown evidenced by the passing of 12 months of separation' (18 months if children are involved).
2. If the divorce was to be contested, which is highly unlikely, Glenda and Billy would not be standing in the dock together in court. They would be sat apart, separated by their respective counsel.
3. Divorce proceedings normally take place in the County Court or High Court, being presided over by a judge sitting alone. There would, therefore, be no jury present at all.

Adam M Kavanagh, QC
Orpington, Kent

"Mr Muscle - loves the jobs you hate". Oh yeah? Then why doesn't it wash the dishes then go upstairs and give my pig ugly wife a seeing to while I drink my beer and watch the football on telly?

B.C.
Inverness

TOP TIP

INTERNET users. Try "accessing" your local newspapers and "down loading" a few wank mags from the top shelf. They're cheaper than computers, and easier to smuggle into the toilet.

Carl Hesketh
Blackburn

I'd give her McOne

There is a good looking girl working in the Clapham Junction McDonalds. Is this an isolated incident, or are fast food chains now disregarding their strict policy of employing only spotty bloaters of indeterminate sexuality?

Ralph Timms
Battersea, London

TOP TIP

JOIN BT's 'Friends & Family' service and nominate five sex chat lines as your most frequently dialled numbers. Then, if you win their free draw, you'll get to go on holiday to Mexico with a bevy of dirty women with glossy lipstick and skimpy leather underwear.

Trampolina Threeply
Harringay

A warning to Mr Blobby. Once Noel Edmonds no longer has a use for you, you'll be put up against a wall and shot.

An Elephant
Heaven

"Magic bumhole if you're able, fart some numbers 'neath the table. Let those numbers represent, back issues that can be sent. (To the readers)"

"Lovely lady legs apart, just for you a magic fart... brapp!"

In my chuff cloud now behold, the numbers what are not yet sold "



Phooar-poooo!! That's what I call nummy pumpy! The lady with the magic arse has let off beneath the table - but her odorous emission is good news for fans of Viz! For her cabbage cloud contains the numbers of back issues of Viz which are still available by post. If you can put up with the pong, circle the issue numbers that you require, then fill in your details below and send the entire form to us, together with a cheque or postal order. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 comic, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more). Overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (Assuming you've got one. If you haven't, don't worry. The back issues aren't very funny anyway).

Tick one of the following two boxes. If you tick the second box and are paying by credit card, please fill in the third big oblong box with your credit card number, then fill in your expiry date and card type. (If you do not know your expiry date, ask your doctor).

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☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ What the fuck. Show it on my credit card and I'll worry about it later.

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□ I'm sure that Addrian Hutson, the father of lefty roads protester 'Animal', bears more than a passing resemblance to one of your cartoon characters. I just can't for the sake of me think which one it is...

Edward Collier
Cheltenham



Poopagroup

□ I have masterminded my own Spice Girls style 'super group'. I took myself off to the smallest room and became the Producer of Bendy Stool, Pointy Stool, Smelly Stool, Lumpy Stool and Tarry Stool. I have wrapped these talented individuals in cling-film, and plans are already well advanced for a block-buster movie.

Andy Bagpipes
Troon, Ayrshire

TOP TIP

A NEXT door neighbour's car aerial, carefully folded, makes an ideal coat hanger in an emergency.

Nick Jeggo
Adbaston, Staffs.



Thanks to our lucrative new sponsorship deal with PG Tips (whereby they get loads of free advertising, and we get a dozen cups, a couple of tea towels and two tea pots) readers who have letters or Top Tips published in the next issue will receive EIGHTY nice bit sit downs and a cup of tea. Yes, we're giving away 80 PG Tips Pyramid tea bags plus a tea towel to every writer! Plus the usual Top Tips and Letterbooks pens, Top Tips books etc. In fact, everything... except money. And the star letter receives a tea pot, 6 cups, a tea towel PLUS 160 Pyramid tea bags!

TOP TIP

FELLAS. Save a fortune on your credit cards by hiring a good looking private detective to follow your wife around on shopping trips and tell her she looks awful in anything she tries on.

Louis XIII Console-Table
Bletchley Services

Phone-y claim

□ Would be purchasers of the 'Omax' fanny hammer ("Does she orgasm every time?") advertised on page 38 of issue 84, who are impressed by the supplier's claim that it meets BS6301 might like to know that compliance to this British Standard means that the telephone network will not be harmed by the device, and the user is safe from electric shock from the telephone network. This Standard became mandatory for all telephones, answering machines, modems etc. as BT was privatised and subscribers were able to buy their own attachments. Quite how this standard is applied to a dildo I do not know.

The fact that BS6301 is long obsolete and has been replaced by European EN41003 is but a minor detail. Hats off to the BSI for permitting the use of its Kitemark to endorse this novel application for a withdrawn standard.

Bernard McEwen
Sandhurst, Berks.

Just the ticket

□ They say that you wait ages for a bus, then three come at once. Not so yesterday. I waited just three minutes, and one bus turned up, which I got onto. Well done the bus company concerned.

J. Johnson
Redditch

TOP TIP

SOAK your girlfriend's drapes in a solution of hot water and Oxo gravy granules. That way you can be sure she'll open her, "beef curtains" for you every morning.

J. Tait
Thropton

□ Is this yoghurt yet another Viz spin-off? We wondered whether 'Little Town Dairy' is simply a sanitised trading name for your own 'Arse Farm'.

Bobby and Dan
Liverpool



Arse farm

□ I am Hungarian and have been a fan of Viz since 1989 when a great friend called Andrew Howitt showed me the mag when we were at school together in Singapore. Surely that makes me your most interesting international post-communist Viz reader?

Zoltan Madai
xpro@xpro.innext.hu

* Are you more interesting, cosmopolitan and travelled than Mr Madai? Perhaps you're from Cuba but live in Geneva and were first shown Viz by a family of gorillas whilst living in Borneo. Write and tell us your interesting stories. There's a weekend in Chester zoo with Camilla Parker-Bowles plus a majority share holding in a former building society PLC worth £45.7 billion at the close of trade yesterday for the winner. Plus all the heroin you can eat.

TOP TIP

CHEFS. Always keep a sperm sample handy in a syringe just in case Michael Winner comes into your restaurant and orders soup and you're unable to get wood.

Taploka Swingboard
Kurdistan

□ Your cartoon 'The Pirates of Ben's Pants' (issue 84) was incorrectly titled. Piracy is a crime committed outside the territories of any state; usually on the high seas (but not in territorial waters), although crimes committed on an aeroplane could also be considered piracy. Young Benn Gunn, whose pants are infested with a bunch of cut-throat ruffians, lives in Barnston which appears to be a British town. If the scurvy crew of his pants perform their swashbuckling activities within the borders of the United Kingdom, they cannot, therefore, be "pirates".

Robert Halliday
Suffolk



The yoghurt

Fat cheque

□ Regarding the recent TV advertisement, the Fat Slags are about as likely to say "What on earth..." as Mother Theresa is to say "What the fuck..." Still, I suppose selling out got you a few more bob.

P. Worthington
Macclesfield

□ What the fuck is that twat on about?

Mother Theresa
Calcutta

TOP TIP

HUACKERS. Avoid a long stressful siege and the risk of arrest, imprisonment or death by simply making sure you book a flight to your intended destination in the first place.

Fanny Cyclops
South Norwood

Free frock ops for OAPs

□ Men live to an average age of 70, whilst women carry on till they're 78. On my 70th birthday I fully intend to have a sex change operation in order to claim my extra 8 years. And I jolly well expect the NHS to pay for it.

H. Plasterboard-Screws
Huntington

TOP TIP

INSTALL a grill, sliding shelves and four gas rings in your car. Then say to passengers, "Cor! It's like an oven in here".

Mark Yates
West Ewell, Surrey

□ I was very impressed with the new 'Nike' golf advert on TV in which young, streetwise kids proudly proclaim "I'm Tiger Woods!" But I couldn't help wondering why a similar advert has not been devised featuring that immensely popular Scotch golfer Colin Montgomerie as the kids' role model.

Perhaps the statement "I'm Colin Montgomerie" didn't have quite the same ring to it. Or maybe it was something to do with him being a miserable, bad tempered, sweaty lard arse with a tournament record of having missed more cuts than a pissed-up myopic barber. Who knows?

Glen Eagles
Oxford

□ I spotted this band in Sweden recently. Do I win a fiver?

George Mercer
Birmingham



* Pus-sibly

☐ In response to Mr Madal's letter (this issue). I'm not very interesting. In fact I'm just an ordinary bloke with an average job whose never done anything remotely noteworthy. I enclose a photograph.



☐ Sorry if I've bored your readers.

Peter Brooks
South London

* Come on readers. You can do better than that. There's a six week trolley dash in a Columbian heroin processing plant for the most interesting letter we receive, plus a five-in-a-bed sex romp with the Spice Girls on whizz.

☐ National No Car Day (June 17th) was a great success. There was absolutely nothing on the road and I was able to drive to my office in half the usual time. Let's hope this becomes a regular annual event.

B. Dog
Doodahband

T&P TIP
SCHOOLBOYS. Sprouts make ideal substitutes when conkers are out of season. 'Cheat' by popping them in the freezer overnight to harden them up.

Keefer Reeper
United Dundonian Emirates



It's a breeding riberty

☐ Whilst visiting my local supermarket I was disgusted to find the best parking spaces nearest the door are now reserved for so-called "Parent & Child Parking". If these people are fit enough to procreate and produce offspring in the first place, they should jolly well be able to walk across a car park into the supermarket.

The best spaces should be reserved for the people with the most expensive cars. It is us who are likely to spend most money in the supermarket, and to have the most shopping to carry back to our cars.

B. Norris
Ratlinghope, Surrey

T&P TIP
CLOSET gay couples. Buy a pair of dark glasses and a white walking stick. By pretending one of you is blind you can hold hands in public without anyone knowing your secret.

Adrian Howes
Norwich

☐ If Loz and Jenna's local really is the Bricklayer's Arms in Charlotte Road (Letterbooks, issue 84) then they should know it is in EC2, at least one and a half miles from EC4 where they live. If, as I suspect, they are a pair of arty-farty cunts of the type currently swarming into Hoxton and

Shoreditch on the back of a couple of articles in the Guardian and Independent saying how trendy it is round here, could they kindly piss off down Charlotte Road to the fuckin' Cantaloupe where they belong. Perhaps then me and my mates might get served at the bar before they call time.

Brian Street
Shoreditch High Street
London E1

T&P TIP

COMBINE the warmth and nostalgia of an old fashioned open fire with the latest modern technology by using a hair dryer instead of bellows to "cheer the fire up" a little.

N. Worthington
Macclesfield

☐ With reference to the supermarket price label below. Its nice that Asda not only give cooking instructions with pre-packed food, but also brief descriptions of their staff too.

Little G.
Brighton



Viz By Post

Hello. I'm afraid it's still Sally's big sister here. My sexy young sister has climbed out of her bedroom window and I can't find her, so this old picture of me slowly getting my floppy tits out will have to suffice for another 2 months. Never mind. One year's supply of Viz (6 issues) costs £9 (£12.50 overseas). Subscribe for 2 years and you save fuck all, cos 12 issues still cost £18 (£24.80 overseas), and meanwhile your money is sitting in John Brown's bank account for 2 years.



FREE BOOK

Love + Kisses
Sally's Big Sister

Actually, you get a free book (which we're having trouble selling for £4.99) if you subscribe for 2 years. It's Sid The Sexist's JOYS OF SEXISM. Actually it's very good. John just printed too many. Use the form to order a subscription for yourself, or as a gift for someone else using both bits. If you want to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address), extra ones are £6 a year (£7 overseas). Right.

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty,
Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:

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Address.....

..... Post Code

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If it's just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

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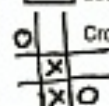
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☐ Tick here if you're perfectly happy for us to sell your name and address to any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants it.

o Cross here to win this game of noughts and crosses



I'm HOT for your credit card number



The vicious beast made straight for Carol's throat...

Aaaagh! No!! Get off!! Somebody help me!!

Suddenly from nowhere a huntsman appeared on a dark brown steed, bounding over the gate with an enormous leap



Tally ho!!

Fear not fair maiden. Help is at hand!



Woah my beauty!

Help!! Help!! Save me! I'm being mauled

Ne-eee-y!!!



One blast on the huntsman's horn and the fox fled in terror.

PARP!

Ne-eee-y!!

Away with you, you verminous beast!



Crikey! I didn't know foxes were so vicious!

Yes... there's quite a lot you protesters don't know about the countryside



Well I do know one thing. Killing animals is cruel and should be banned

Oh yes? If killing animals is wrong, then how do you justify killing ME?



Killing you? What the fuck are you talking about? You aren't dead

Oh yes I am. I am a ghost... the ghost of Countryside Past!

Eh? What do you mean?



I am the ghost of the beautiful Countryside which communist lefty townfolk like you are killing

Oh yeah? If you're a ghost, prove it!

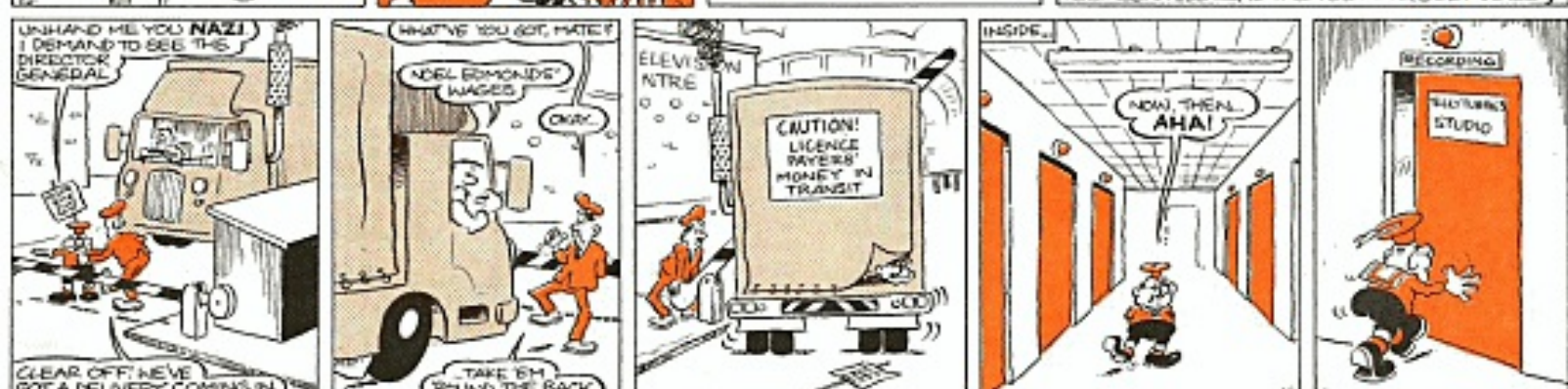


I will. Come with me and I will show you Countryside Past, and Countryside Future.

What? You mean like in a Christmas Carol?

Yeah, jump up on my horse

-SPOILT BASTARD-



Mrs BRADY OLD LADY



BEH, THIS INTERNET, IT'S A BLOODY DISGRACE, I CAN'T EVEN WORK OUT HOW TO WORK IT.



COH, HES A BIG BOY! I'LL DOWNLOAD HIM ONTO ME DESK-TOP FROM HIS WEBSITE VIA ME 32-BIT BUS/MODEM.



LET'S GIVE A LOOK AT YOUR CARD.



YOU MUST THINK I JUST DROPPED OFF A CHRISTMAS TREE, Y'VE MADE THAT OUT OF A CORNPLAQUES BOX, TRYING TO BAWBIDDLE YER WAY IN - IT'S A BLOODY DISGRACE.



GO ON! SODDADLE! AND DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE, I'LL BE ROUND TO SEE YOUR MAM AND DAD.



BEH, THEY GET BLOODY CHICKEN.



ERM... CAN I HAVE A GLASS OF WATER - AND ME MAMMA WANTS TO USE YOUR UPSTAIRS TOILET.



YEE, COME IN, BUT KEEP YER WASS OFF THE PEAK FRAMES, TIN BEHIND THE CLOCK IN THE SITTING ROOM, ITS GOT THOUSANDS OF POUNDS IN IT.



ERM, I COULD KICK MYSELF, I COULD BUT THEY WERE SO PLAUSIBLE, THE LITTLE MONGERS - THEY HAD THE GIFT OF THE GAB, THEY GOT ME ALL FULMANNED.



BEH, I DON'T FEEL SAFE IN ME OWN HOME ANY MORE.



I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK.



BEH, ITS A BLOODY DISGRACE THE BRILLIANT, TOO BROAD FOR ANY OLD EYES, I'LL WALK UP THIS LITTLE CORRIDOR INSIDE.



BEH, LOOK AT THAT BORNEN TO A RAP FOR A MEAGLY TWENTY PEE...



THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THIS SORT OF THING NOWADAYS, THERE WAS NONE OF THIS VIOLENCE WHEN I WAS A GIRL...



OH NO, NOBODY THOUGHT ABOUT VIOLENCE, WE WAS TOO BUSY MURDERING TOGETHER TO FIGHTER FROM THE DOCKLEBUSH AS THEY RAINED DOWN, ROUND OUR GARS, OR WORKING IN THE MUTTONS FACTORY.



ITS ALL WE EVER GET, A NON-STOP DIET OF VIOLENCE, VIOLENCE, VIOLENCE.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY ENTERTAINMENT? FILMS LIKE THE THIRTEEN THUNDERBOLTS, THEY WERE MUCH BETTER IN THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE.



I SAY - FILMS WERE MUCH BETTER IN THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE.



BEH, ITS A DISGRACE THESE BROS, ITS ALL FIGHTING AND SWEARING, ITS DOWNRIGHT DISGUSTING.



10 MINUTES LATER...

BEH! REEF! DID YOU SEE THAT IT? THAT BUS WAS BUGGERS, GOT WHAM IN A BLOODY SLEEPER HOLD! THAT'S AGAINST THE BLOODY RULES! YOU WANT TO GET YOUR BLOODY EYES TESTED?



Lives of the Saints

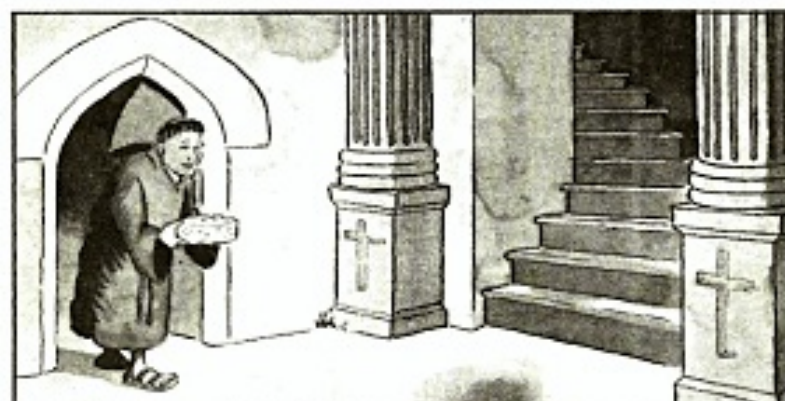
This week -

St. Ivel

Patron Saint of Processed Cheese



Nothing captures the taste of summer better than a picnic. Chicken legs, scotch eggs, crisps and ginger beer taste all the better for being eaten in the open air, under a grey sky with the impending threat of drizzle. But have you ever wondered why the cheese sandwiches never taste very nice and always get left half-eaten? To find out you must travel back in time over 700 years.



It all started in 1275 in the hills of Cumberland. Brother Ivel was a monk at the Monastery of Saint Barnabas. It was his duty to tend the small herd of goats kept by the brothers. Every day he took them to the hills where they ate the lush grass, and every evening he milked them and turned their milk into wonderful cheeses. These cheeses were so delicious that his fame spread throughout the olden days.

Now every year, the monks held a picnic for the children who lived in the orphanage of a nearby village. The highlight of this treat was always Brother Ivel's wonderful cheese sandwiches. But at every picnic he saw that the fatter, greedier orphans took more than their fair share of the sandwiches, leaving the thinner, weaker ones with nothing to eat. "Poor child, for it is you who needs my cheese the most!" he said.



As he tended his goats that evening, he began to think about how the picnics were being spoilt for many of the orphans. "It seems so unjust," he thought. "If only there was a process that would make my cheese less appealing. That way, the greedy ones would be put off a bit. The other children would then get their fair share of sandwiches, even if they didn't like them very much."

The next day, Brother Ivel set about making his cheese off-putting to eat. After making a block, he cut it up into slices and shoved it down the crack of his arse. He then went out into the fields and began to work up a sweat by digging ditches in the heat of the midsummer sun. However, this made his cheese too unpalatable, and not even the weedy orphans would touch it.



Disheartened, the monk went back to tending his goats. As he watched them, he began to wonder, "These lowly creatures," he thought, "Are they not more simple than I? And yet, has not God bestowed upon them the gift of turning grass into milk?" He knew then, that he must ask God for help in making his cheese more disagreeable.

So it was, that Brother Ivel set off into the wilderness of the Cumberland hills, taking with him only a staff and a shawl to stave off the chill summer nights. There he stayed for forty days and forty nights. All the time he prayed to God to reveal the nature of the process he sought. But he was given no sign, and forsaken, he set off back to the monastery.



He arrived back one morning and was alarmed to find that in his absence, his goats had wandered into a part of the garden where rubber trees grew, and he saw that they had been eating the bark. When he took their milk that evening, he saw it had a strange fluorescent yellow tinge to it. He was about to discard the spoiled milk, but decided instead to turn it into cheese for the birds which fed in the garden.



Keeping a firm rein on his excitement and clutching his cheese, the monk rushed into the courtyard to feed the birds. He threw some crumbs onto the floor and was amazed to see that they bounced like little superballs. The sparrows, who usually gorged themselves voraciously on any offerings, pecked at the cheese timidly. They all quickly lost interest and flew off in search of something else to eat.



And from that day, the monks' annual orphans' picnic was no longer an orgy of greed. A miracle had happened, and everyone took only their fair share of Brother Ivel's cheese sandwiches, and often less. At the end of each picnic, Brother Ivel's heart was lifted when he saw the pile of half-eaten sandwiches that remained.



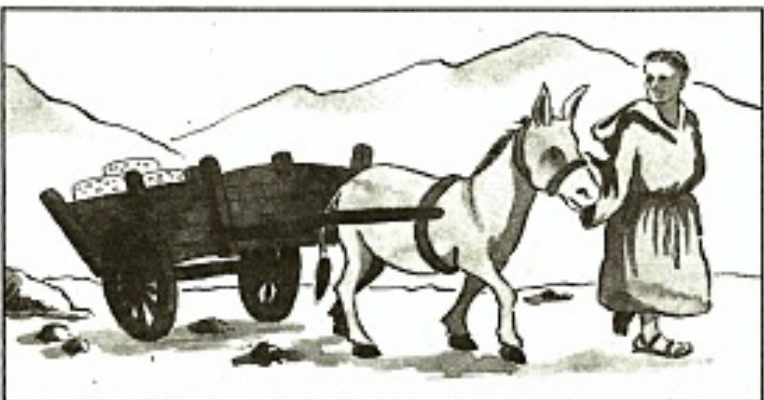
Brother Ivel died in 1452, but his processed cheese continued to be made by the monks of Saint Barnabas and his ideals lived on. Three centuries later, Pope Benevolent III was served one of Brother Ivel's sandwiches on the annual Vatican picnic. He left most of it, and was so nonplused that he decided to canonise the brother in celebration of his truly bland dairy product.



When the cheese was made, Brother Ivel couldn't help but notice that it had a strange plastic-like feel, and that it had started to sweat, a bit like gelignite. Intrigued, he made a sandwich with the cheese and found that almost immediately, the bread went all soggy, like putty. Never before had one of brother Ivel's sandwiches looked so unappealing.



Brother Ivel fell to his knees. "Thank you, O Lord for your gift of this process," he cried in thankfulness and shame, for in his exile he had doubted the Lord and had felt forsaken. Now he realised that God had told him the nature of the process. He had told him exactly how to make his cheese edible but unpleasant. The monk had simply not been listening in the right way.



Brother Ivel knew that he must share with the world this gift from God. Feeding the goats on the rubber trees, he made his new cheese in great quantities, and began to spread it far and wide. And he was delighted to discover that not only was it a bit unpleasant to taste, but it lasted longer than his other cheeses, because not even germs particularly wanted to eat it.



Fragments of St. Ivel's first sandwich remain in a reliquary in the crypt of the church of St. Eden in the Vale. Each year on St. Ivel's birthday, a ceremony, 'The Picnic of St. Ivel', is held in the church. It culminates in the bishop of the diocese being offered the fragments of sandwich, whereupon he ceremoniously lifts the corner of the bread, turns his nose up, and has a Kit-Kat.

THE ADVENTURES OF
WET WET WET *and their*
PELLOW SUBMARINE

CAPTURED BY HUNNY LEAD SNIFFER MARTI FELLOW, THE GUYS WERE REPELLING THE COAST OF SCOTLAND IN THEIR FANTASTIC TANTAN SUBMARINE.

WE'RE PICKING UP A DICKENS CALL ON THE SHORTLAND-SHORE RADIO, CAPTAIN MARTI!

THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE OIL-RIN ON DUMFRIES

LET'S GET MOVING!

NOBODY! HERE COMES WET WET WET

RASHY THERE! SHIRT'S THE PROBLEM?

ONE OF THE DEEP SEA DIVERS WORKING ON THE OIL RIG IS TRAPPED DOWN THERE, MARTI!

HIS FLIPPER HAS GOT CAUGHT IN A GIANT CLAM

GOSH! CAN'T YOU FREE HIM?

WE'VE SENT THE ZOMBIE OF JACQUES COUSTEAU DOWN TO TICKLE THE CLAM WITH A STICK

THE DIVER'S FLIPPER SHOULD BE RELEASED WITHIN AN HOUR - BUT HIS MORALE IS AT A LOW EBB

TOO LOW, SKIPPER. I'D ESTIMATE THAT THE DIVER HAS ONLY ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES OF MORALE LEFT

AND WHEN THAT RUNS OUT - HE WILL DIE!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO RAISE HIS SPIRITS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

PERHAPS WE CAN HELP THERE - EN GUYS?

WE'LL PUT ON A CONCERT ESPECIALLY FOR THE DEEP SEA DIVER RIGHT THERE ON THE SEA BED

AN UNDERWATER POP CONCERT? BUT SURELY - YOU'LL GET DRUNKED

DON'T WORRY, SKIPPER. WE MAY BE WET WET WET - BUT OUR "THISTLE-MOTIV" DIVING SUITS WILL KEEP US DRY DRY DRY!

COME ON GUYS, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE

WITHIN MINUTES THE WORD CREW WERE CONSTRUCTING AN UNDERWATER STAGE ON THE SEA BED

ONE - TWO - ONE - TWO - TESTING

BUY A PROGRAMME, WHITE & TEN GUYS

OH, EERN ALRIGHT

SOON THE SUPPORT BAND GUYS IN FULL SHIRTS

OH BABY

OH I LOVE YOU, AND SO ON AND SO FORTH

LET'S HOPE THE SUPPORT BAND ONLY PLAY A SHORT SET

THAT DIVER IS LITERALLY JUST SECONDS FROM DEATH

BY LEST IT GIVES TIME FOR THE GUYS TO BEGIN PLAYING

HELLO, THE SEA BED

WE'RE GOING TO KICK OFF WITH A NUMBER FROM OUR NEW ALBUM

SKIPPER, LOOK! THE DIVER'S MORALE IS STARTING TO RISE

PHW! AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON

THE ZOMBIE OF JACQUES COUSTEAU DESIGNED EXCITEDLY TO THE SCOTCH MYSTERS

KEEP PLAYING, YES AND

AM I'VE NEARLY GOT 2E CLAM OPENED

EVENTUALLY THE DIVER WAS FREED

I GAVE MY LIFE TO MARTI AND THE GUYS, AND I'D LIKE TO SHAKE THEM ALL BY THE HAND

YOU'LL FIND THEM DOWN IN THEIR PELLOW SUBMARINE, SON

NO HONOURANCE WITHOUT A BACKSTAGE PASS

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I MERELY WANT TO THANK THE WETS FOR SAVING MY LIFE

I SAID NOT WITHOUT A FUCKING BACKSTAGE PASS

OH! GOSH!

CAN YOU LET US IN TO SEE MARTI, MISTER?

HE'S DOWN

ARE, IF YER SUCK ME CACK I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO

ALDRIDGE PRIOR

HE'S A HOPELESS LIAR



Suddenly Carol heard fluttery harp music, and the next thing she knew she was entering a mystical dream sequence. The ghostly huntsman's steed was floating high in the sky...

What's happening?
Where are we?

Hold tight Carol, we're
going to the Countryside
of the Past.

Look, over there in
the distance you can
see England's
mountains green

What are those tiny
white things below us?

Ah! You've some Holy
lambs of God in England's
pleasant pastures seen

They landed in a field of wheat
ablaze with bright red poppies

Oh, how beautiful

Yes, England is a garden
Carol. But such gardens are
not made by sitting in the
shade. This blessed plot
takes quite a bit of looking
after. And it's us country
folk what do the gardening

The couple rode, o'er vales and
hills, until all at once they saw a
crowd, a host of golden daffodils...

Gosh...this is far out!

Feel how your heart
with pleasure fills, as
we tramples through
these daffodils

You gaze - and gaze - but
have you thought, what
wealth to you these daffs
has brought?

You what?

Beside a lake, beneath some trees, they
stopped and rested in the breeze

Oh, to be in England...
In the summer-time,
when the weather is fine

Oh swelling hills and spacious
plains. Bespung from shore to shore
with steeple towers... and cottages
with thatched roofs and stuff

Yes, there's nothing
like a day out in
the beautiful
countryside of old

Take a good look Carol, at this
royal throne of Kings, this
scattered aisle. Enjoy one last
look, before it is gone forever

But surely a country-
side without hunting
will be even better

You think so? Well, let's see
for ourselves. Let us visit the
Countryside of the Future...



Play Princess Di SHOPPING EX

Poor Princess Di can't go to the ball... because she's sold all her dresses for charity. But **YOU** can be Di for a day and help her buy a brand new outfit, by playing this spectacular exclusive fashion shopping game.

You have been invited to a lavish charity bash in aid of land mines, but following your New York charity frock auction all you have left to wear is your bra and knickers. Using a Di cut-out as your marker, make your way around the board calling at the poshest frock shops in town. You must collect a dress, a hat, some shoes and a handbag before you can make your way along the red carpet and into the Gala Land Mine Charity Ball. As well as experiencing all the thrills of a distastefully extravagant Knightsbridge shopping expedition, you'll also experience the spills, for there are numerous *fashion faux pas* to be avoided along the way.

START



FASHION FAUX PAS

A pepperoni photographer takes a picture of you getting out of your car but your dress is too long to flash your tummy hoop, and the photo fails to make the papers. Go back 4 squares.

You buy yourself a pair of Spice Girls platform trainers in Freeman Hardy Willis. Miss a turn as you break an ankle leaving the shop.

VISA

You bump into Major James Hewitt and pop into a hotel for coffee.

LOSE YOUR FROCK.

Buy some SHOES

Your favourite designer Mike Oldfield offers to make you a dress for the Gala. Advance to the 'BUY A FROCK' square.

2 7

You go to a preview of the new Emmanuelle collection, but it turns out to be an all night showing of TOS French porn films. Go back 6 squares.

You bump into an old property developer friend of yours and pop into a hotel for coffee.
LOSE YOUR FROCK

You have a fight with a pepperoni photographer who snaps you coming out of a shop, during which you
LOSE YOUR HAT.

FASHION FAUX PAS

You buy a stunning white evening dress but it suddenly rains on you have the Royal portrait painters in. Miss a turn while you take it back or buy some jam rags.

You bump into Fergie coming out of Evans. Miss a turn whilst you go to New York for lunch together.

You pass a charity shop and automatically give them all your clothes in order to help those less fortunate than yourself.
LOSE ALL ITEMS.

2 0

You pop into Russell & Bromley for a pair of 'fuck me' shoes, but they haven't got any in your size (12). Go back 2 squares.

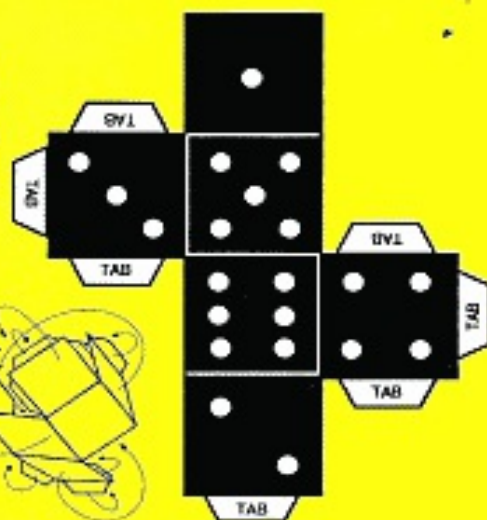


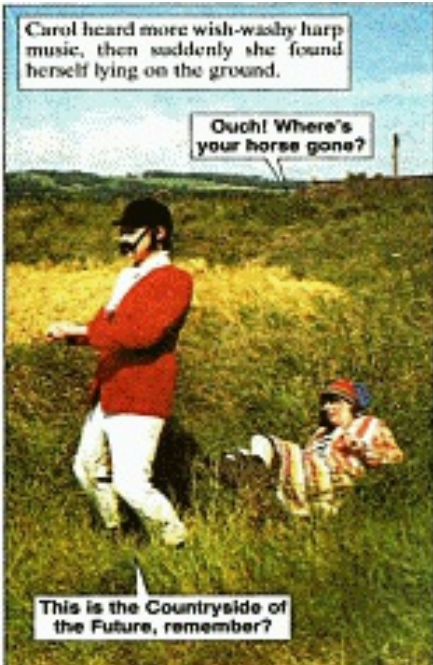
Di's Dress Dash EXTRAVAGANZA



How to play

It's a game for up to 4 Princess Di's. Cut out the Di figures, frocks and fashion accessories. Each player selects a Di figure to use as their marker and places it on the Kensington Palace start square. Make up the dice following the diagram. Take it in turns to go shopping by throwing the dice and moving around the board clockwise. Follow the instructions on the squares, putting frocks and accessories onto your Di marker by carefully folding the tabs. Only when you are fully clothed with a dress, hat, shoes and handbag can you make your way onto the red carpet squares. The first Princess Di to arrive at the Charity Ball fully attired, by throwing the correct number to finish, wins the game in a blaze of publicity.





Carol heard more wish-washy harp music, then suddenly she found herself lying on the ground.

Ouch! Where's your horse gone?

This is the Countryside of the Future, remember?



He's over there Carol, in that big new factory. All the game keepers and shepherds and blacksmiths work there now. They all lost their jobs when hunting was banned

It smells disgusting. What sort of factory is it?

It's a glue factory Carol. That's where all the horses and ponies are killed, and made into glue and dog food



What...you mean your beautiful horse is dead?

Yes, I shot him myself

It was the kindest thing to do. Without any foxes to chase, he'd have got no exercise. Eventually he'd have died of boredom, or had a heart attack



Why have these trees gone black and white?

Not only does hunting provide jobs, it also brings tradition and COLOUR to the countryside. Without it, much of the colour will be lost. Trees, phone boxes, butterflies, and even the birds will slowly lose their plumage



That's odd... I can't hear any birds. There's an eerie silence in the treetops. Why is that?

I'm afraid there are no birds Carol. You see, the balance of nature is a fragile one. A ban on hunting will wreak havoc in the animal world



In the future foxes will run rampage in these fields, eating all the squirrels. Without squirrels there are no nuts. Farmers will be too busy chasing foxes to shoot crows, so crows will eat all the wheat. So there is no bread

Without nuts and bread, people will no longer be able to feed the birds. The frail birds will gradually be caught by cats, until... no more will chaffinch sing on orchard bough, in England - now!



And that's not all. Where once there stood a golden harvest of wheat, now the fields are giant scrap yards, piled high with rusting Range Rovers

But... its so ugly!

Yes, but without hunting land owners can no longer afford to run their fuel guzzling four wheel drive vehicles. So fields will become giant scrap yards

Towns will be affected too. As foxes roam unchecked through chicken coups, the price of chicken meat will soar. Colonel Sanders will look for alternatives to his secret Southern Fried Chicken recipe...



Urgh! This Trafalgar Square Fried Pigeon burger tastes disgusting!!

It's full of cigarette ends

Very few discerning people will ever own *The Life of Christ in Cats*



The life story of Jesus, gloriously captured in cats by internationally reviled Birthday Card artist Antonio Fictitio.

Crafted in the finest *Armitage Shanks Urinal Grade Porcelain*.

It is the greatest story ever told. A man whose life brought joy and hope to the faithful of the world. A man who preached a message of love and peace, and died for all our sins. A man whose Word lives forever in all our hearts.

Now, every aspect of that miraculous life, from His lowly birth in a manger, to His agonising death nailed to a cross is whimsically captured in charming feline form, by the artist and cat enthusiast Antonio Fictitio. In creating this meretriciously colourful work, Fictitio demonstrates the attention to detail and mastery of doing fur for which he is so widely execrated. Drawing his inspiration from an exceptionally large gas bill, he 'purr'-fectly brings this 'tail' of inspiration to life and gives 'paws' for thought to lovers of cats, plates and Jesus alike.

In the tradition of the most valuable pottery worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, this heirloom style plate is guaranteed to become a genuine antique if kept for long enough. Each edition is numbered by faux hand and lavishly bordered with 22 carat gold substitute.

This plate is not available in the shops. It is exclusive to the Dangleberry Mint and car boot sales all over Britain from mid September.



Artist - Antonio Fictitio
(shown smaller than actual size of 4'11")

An Exclusive Special Prestige Signature Edition Hand Numbered Collector Heirloom Effect Plate.

Yes. My husband's retirement followed days later by his death in the shed left a gaping hole in my life, which can only be filled by things with cats on. Please reserve me one of these truly dreadful plates of yours. I understand the cost to be £19.95. However, I am wrong and it is actually a lot more than that. I would like to pay in 12 irregular and rather confusing instalments.

Limit: One plate per silly old widow.

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE TEL NO.

☐ We occasionally flog our customers' names and addresses to disreputable terrorist gangs and corrupt. If you would prefer not to be posterised and threatened by them on your doorstep, please tick this box and we'll mention it to them when we hand your details over.

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your plate, you may put it at the back of your cupboard behind the Breville Sandwich Toaster and tosser about it.

Pol hits the Jack Pot!

POT LUCK!

BRITAIN'S latest lottery millionaire is a 58 year old Cambodian businessman who scooped a £14 million rollover jackpot in last Wednesday's draw.

Pol Pot, self-employed boss of the ultra nationalist Khmer Rouge corporation, has been picking the same numbers every week since the lottery began. Living at a secret location deep in the Cambodian jungle, he had no idea his winning combination had come up until a pal rang him on Thursday morning with the good news.

Winner

"I heard on the news that there was only one winner and the winning ticket had been bought in Phnom Penh", his friend told us. "I got through to Pol on Thursday morning and he checked his numbers. When I told him how much he'd won he nearly fainted".

Rod

However work colleagues at the Khmer Rouge don't believe the win will change their boss.

"Pol is a workaholic", said one. "He built this business up more-or-less from scratch. It's his life, and I doubt he'd ever dream of retiring. We're all one big happy family. Knowing Pol he'll still be first in at the office at 7am every morning. Millionaire or not, he'll still be the same old Mr Pot to us".

Miles

Pot, who celebrated his win with close family and

Cambodian has killing field day on the lottery



Don't shoot the Messenger - "Km're darlin' an' give us a kiss" - Lucky Lottery winner Mr Pol Pot of Cambodia shares a glass of bubbly with lovely page 3 model Mel.

friends at a mystery location in Cambodia, flew into London yesterday to pick up his winning cheque from ever-so slightly boss eyed page 3 model Melinda Messenger. He seemed ill at ease as he posed for photographs and was unable to answer press questions as he does not speak English.

Asked by one reporter which of the Spice Girls he would most like to take out to dinner, the latest latest multi-millionaire looked blank. However his immediate spending plans are thought to include a family holiday, a new car and a luxury home in the jungle near the Cambodian border with Thailand.

Stalked star turns stalker

FORMER Likely Lad Rodney Bewes has turned the tables on his army of fans - by stalking THEM for a change.

Bewes decided to follow his own fans in attempt to raise awareness of the plight of celebrities whose lives are intruded upon by obsessive stalkers. "I'm striking a blow for the stars", said Bewes from his home in Putney yesterday. "We've had enough, and now it's time we hit back".

Kilometres

Over recent years a drastic increase in celebrity stalking has prompted panic amongst the stars. Twenty years ago only 1 in 200 famous people were stalked. However a recent survey showed that today almost half of all celebrities are stalked at least once a week.

Furlongs

Although stalking itself isn't illegal, many stars fear that their stalkers may eventually develop into much feared celebrity slayers. Killing a celebrity - with a gun, for example - is an offence both in the U.S. and in Britain, but psychologists fear that in itself is not always enough to prevent a determined celebrity slayer from pulling the trigger.

"The mind of a celebrity slayer is like a soft, grey cauliflower inside his head", one leading authority on the subject told us. "As a result his next move is always difficult to predict".

Chains

In Britain police believe the danger of celebrity slayings are much exaggerated. "To put it bluntly there is more chance of a

Rodney strikes a blow for celebrity stalking victims



Rodney - 'It's good to stalk'

star getting caught shop lifting or touching up young children in a swimming pool than there is of them being shot on their doorstep", a Scotland yard spokesman said last night. "However, if any star does feel threatened they are welcome to contact us".

Whips

Meanwhile Bewes' campaign to stalk his fans got off to a quiet start yesterday. By tea time the actor and rowing enthusiast had only followed two people. "One was a lady who I followed into Woolworths", he told us. "I think she noticed me, and I lost her in the check-out queues". A middle aged gentleman in a suit had earlier given Bewes the slip when he got into a taxi near Putney Bridge.

The Jim "Nick Nick" Davidson Story

Bow Bells, 13th December 1953



1965. Jim takes to the stage for the first time



1976. Jim comes second on New Faces



1997. Five times married Jim has many successful shows including Big Break, Big Break Trickshot Special and Big Break Christmas Celebrity Special



THE END

SHAME OF LOTTO MILLIONAIRE CRIMINAL!

LOTTERY bosses were left with egg on their faces yesterday when it was revealed that Wednesday's jackpot winner is a genocidal murderer.

Camelot bosses admit they knew winner Pol Pot was responsible for the systematic killing of millions of innocent Cambodians during violent purges of pro-Vietnamese communes by his ultra nationalist Khmer Rouge organisation during the seventies and eighties. However they said there is nothing under present Lottery rules to prevent a murderous revolutionary tyrant winning, providing he has bought a ticket and abides by the rules.

Winners

"We are very pleased for Mr Pot and, as with all winners, we wish him well. Inevitably people will try to dig up stories like this, but a lot of it is based purely on envy. We would hope that the press will allow Mr Pot and his family to enjoy their good fortune in peace."

Rods

However, while Pot was collecting his cash bonanza lottery fans were already branding the revolutionary leader's £14 million rollover win a SCANDAL. Father-of-three Say Samrin, from Kompong Cham, spends £50 a week on Lottery tickets. And he believes it is wrong that a genocidal maniac should be allowed to carry off the prize money. "It's not fair when honest folk's money is given to criminals. He goes around killing people and he gets £14 million. Meanwhile all them people who he's murdered and put their skulls in a big heap, they aren't getting a penny. Where's the justice in that?" asked Mr Samrin.

Miles's

Since his highly controversial win Pot has been disowned by members of his own family. His sister, Brenda Pot, 52, yesterday branded her million-

Jackpot winner has 'murdered millions'



Pol Pot proudly displaying a new motor yesterday. Genocide is 'water under the bridge' he told reporters.

aire brother a 'greedy scumbag'.

"He can keep his money. We don't want anything to do with it", she told us from outside the tidy Phnom Penh semi which she shares with her partner Frank and their two children.

"The greedy scumbag's turned his back on us. We've always been here for him, but now he's a millionaire he doesn't want to know. He's even forgotten the kid's birthdays. Well we're not interested in his money. He can keep it".

Pal

Pot's former business partner Ieng Sary has few kind words to say about the former pal with whom took control of the Khmer Rouge in 1978.

"Pol was always a nasty piece of work. We had a good business going back in the seventies, killing pro-Vietnamese members of the ruling elite. But Pol was crazy. He started wiping out entire communities, and he used to purge intellectuals too. If anyone wore glasses he'd have them killed. He was a nutter. Eventually I'd had enough and I quit the business. I sold him my

share in the business, but to this day I've not had a penny off him".

Chum

Pot seemed unconcerned by the controversy. He spent yesterday afternoon shopping for sports cars and helicopters in Phnom Penh. Confronted by reporters outside a BMW dealers, Pot refused to discuss his record of crimes against humanity.

"That's all water under the bridge as far as I'm concerned", he told us. "Nobody is perfect. Okay, so I did a few purges. But now I just want to put the past behind me and get on with enjoying my win".

SCUMBAG!

Lottery love cheat is a rat says ex

SHAMED genocide Lottery winner Pol Pot has been branded a rat by the girl he loved - and left to die in a burning Vietnamese village.

Shirley Phouthang, 48, from Ho Chi Minh City, claims she had a fiery fling with the lottery millionaire ultra nationalist revolutionary dictator during the early seventies.

Chappie

Shirley met Pot in Cambodia at a Kompong Cham supermarket where they both worked in 1972. "Pol used to offer me lifts home from work", she told us. "He was always a bit flash. He spent a lot on clothes, and had a car. All the girls fancied him".

Mr Dog

Soon romance blossomed and the couple had an affair lasting several months. "I took him home to Ho Chi Minh City to meet my parents", says Shirley. "At one point we even talked about marriage". Then one day Pot told her he was going away to live in political exile in Beijing and join a radical faction of the Khmer Rouge. "He said he'd write to me, and that one day he'd return". At first she was heartbroken, until the following week when a friend saw Pot coming out of a cinema in Kompong Som, arm-in-arm with another girl.



Shirley - 'heartbroken'

Shirley hasn't spoken to Pol since. However their paths nearly crossed during the Khmer Rouge's military purge of the western border provinces of Vietnam in 1977 when Pot's forces burned Shirley's village to the ground.

"He's always had my number, but he never calls. Even after our village was purged, he didn't ring to see how I was".

Eukanuba

Yesterday Shirley issued a warning to any girls who may be wooed by the jackpot winner's prize packet. "I pity any slut stupid enough to go near him", she blasted. "He may be a millionaire, but a rat like him never changes his spots. To be quite honest, you couldn't print what I think about him in a family newspaper".



LAUGH TILL YOU PUKE

IF you're a fan of up market party nibbles and down market television, you'll be delighted to hear that Phileas Fogg is to become the official sponsor of Paramount Comedy Channel's 'Britcom' slot.

Britcom isn't a programme, it's a 'strand' (it says here) each weeknight dedicated to new British comedic talent. In other words, starting from 4th August 1997 Phileas Fogg will be sponsoring whatever happens to be on Paramount's Comedy Channel between 11 and 11.30pm each night.

"We have always had tremendously strong humorous advertising campaigns but the move into TV sponsorship gives us the basis for pro-active involvement with contemporary comedians" a marketing spokesman for Phileas Fogg said, talking out of his arse.

Phileas Fogg is also sponsoring Paramount Comedy Channel's Britcom Benefit Night at the Edinburgh Fringe festival in the week commencing 20th August. There they'll be showcasing some of the best new talent at the festival, and no doubt hoping to flog a few fancy packets of crisps into the bargain.

The Comedy Channel and Phileas Fogg are together giving away a trip for two to Edinburgh for the Fringe Festival, along with tickets to the Britcom benefit hosted by Lenny Beige, plus the Paramount Comedy Channel's festival party. There's also a jumbo box of Phileas Fogg's pricey foreign sounding crisps for ten lucky runners-up. You could be one of our winner's if you have the Foggiest idea what these questions are all about.

1. In which book (and film) did the character Phileas Fogg appear?
(a) *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*
(b) *Around The World In 80 Days*
(c) *9 1/2 Weeks*

Win a trip to the Fringe in our bilious Phileas Fogg snack giveaway!

2. Who wrote *Around The World In 80 Days*?
(a) *Jules Holland*
(b) *Jules Verne*
(c) *Big Vern*

3. Who played Phileas Fogg in Hollywood's movie version of the story?
(a) *David Niven*
(b) *Rex Harrison*
(c) *Chris Quentin*



4. In recent times, at great expense, and utilising the very latest technology available, which grinning bearded death-wish entrepreneurial twat attempted to follow in Phileas Fogg's footsteps by circumnavigating the world in a balloon, but crashed after only 300 miles?
(a) *Richard Branson*

Poncy crisp company set to sponsor Comedy Channel's 'Britcom'



5. In the seventies which brand of sliced bread featured a bird in a hot air balloon on its TV adverts, and because the slices were as thin (and tasty) as bog roll, contained less calories per slice than any other sliced bread?

- (a) *Nimble*
(b) *Mother's Pride*
(c) *Hovis*

6. What was the name of the TV programme and best selling book in which former Monty Python star Michael Palin described his own attempt to journey around the world in 80 days?

- (a) *Around The World In 80 Days*
(b) *Fawlty Towers*
(c) *Rutland Weekend Television*

7. Lisa Stansfield returned to her Rochdale home disappointed after going around the world looking for something. What was she-she, she looking for?

- (a) *Her pet dog*
(b) *Her baby*
(c) *A public lavatory*

8. Paul Weller also went all around the world in *The Jam*. What was he looking for?

- (a) *Clues*
(b) *Linda*

- (c) *You-oo-oo-oo-oooh!*
You-oo-oo-oo-oooh!

9. Boneo out of U2 makes up a trio of disappointed stars, still not having found what he was looking for either. Regardless of that however, all he wants is what?

- (a) *To take a long look in the mirror on day when he's sober*
(b) *A smack in the gob*
(c) *You*

10. World Party told suggested that listeners drive around the world, taking with them a box. What were they supposed to put in the box?

- (a) *A first aid kit*
(b) *Some sandwiches and a flask of tea*
(c) *The message*

Mark your entries 'Phileas Fogg'. One correct entry will be drawn out of the hat on 11th August so that the Festival trip winner can be notified in time. He or she will receive one pair of festival tickets for two, including transport. The ten runners up, who will each receive enough Phileas Fogg snacks to put them off Phileas Fogg snacks for a year, will be drawn on 12th September.

TOP TIPPLE LATEST

Our very own beer has continued to take the licensed trade by storm! Harbourside Beers of The Quay, Poole, Dorset dropped us a line to say they now stock Viz Top Tipple along with a selection of other novelty real ales. And we noticed it in *The Archer*, Archibald Terrace, Newcastle. Erm... and that's it for this issue.

If YOU have a pub or shop and you'd like to stock Viz TOP TIPPLE ring George at North Yorkshire Brewing Co. on (01642) 226224



No.84 WINNERS

Everyone's a winner on the Viz competition page - except the vast majority of people who get the answers wrong.

Isle of Mann holiday

Frank Aniolkowski,
Seaton Delaval

Dublin holiday

Paul Hughes, Nottingham.

Blackpool holiday

M L Kosinoga, Mansfield.

The Monkees

Set of 5 videos to N Everitt
of Birkenhead, and Mark
Oliver of Wolverhampton

Clint videos

W Lothian, Gateshead

HOW TO ENTER

Answers on a post card to:
Viz, P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT

or by mouse to:
web@johnbrown.co.uk
Remember to include your
name, postal address and a
daytime phone no. if poss.

FEET & TWO REG

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S REG BUNION AND REG CALLUS. HERE ANYTHING BUT NEIGHBOURLY FOR BOTH WANTED TO WIN THE COVERED 'BAD FEET' CLIP AT THE LOCAL HOSPITAL SHOW!



BAH! JUST LOOK AT HIS FEET. HAMMER TOES, VERRUCCAS, CHIL- BLAINS, WORKING NAILS... THE LOT! HE'S BOUND TO WIN 'BEST' BAD FEET IN SHOW! FOR THE TENTH YEAR ON THE TRO!



OH, I DON'T KNOW, REGGIE, DEAD YOUR FEET ARE PRETTY RANK THIS YEAR. PERHAPS YOU'LL GIVE HIM A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!



SHORTLY... REGGIE, DEAD, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME MORE FOOT TO TOP YOUR GOUT UP!



PAUL DANIELS' JET-SKI JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF ELVIS

Issue 10 of 100 of the book

WELL ELVIS, THERE'S A LOG-JAM OF PEANUT BUTTER EXERCISEMENT AT THE CENTRE OF YOUR BACK BODY, MR. PRESLEY, SIR.



LORD HAVE MERCY.

UNFORTUNATELY MR. PRESLEY, SIR, WE CAN'T OPERATE AS YOUR BIG BUILT IS TOO WIDE. BUT WE MUST ACT IMMEDIATELY!



FORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, WE HAVE THIS MINUTURISING MACHINE, WHICH CAN SHRINK A MAN DOWN SMALL ENOUGH TO BE INJECTED INSIDE YOUR BODY WHERE HE CAN CARRY OUT THE NECESSARY TREATMENT MR. PRESLEY, SIR.



HE WILL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY, SO WE WILL PROVIDE HIM WITH THIS MINATURE JET-SKI.



LORD HAVE MERCY.



MR. PRESLEY, SIR, MEET PAUL DANIELS, AND THE WONDERFUL DEBBIE MCGEE.

NO! NO!



LORD HAVE MERCY UPON ME.



HOW TO INJECT TV'S MR. MAGIC INTO YOU VIA THIS HAMBURGER.



NOW ELVIS, YOU SIMPLY EAT THE HAMBURGER CONTAINING MR. DANIELS AND THE JET-SKI, MR. PRESLEY, SIR.



HAVE MERCY.



HO! HO!



HOW IS IT GOING, MR. DANIELS, SIR?



LORD HAVE MERCY.



NO! NO! I'VE GOT IT GOING!



NO! NO! RIGHT-O!



LORD HAVE MERCY.



LORD HAVE MERCY.



NO! NO!



LORD HAVE MERCY!



QUELCH!

LORD HAVE MERCY!

Yes! It's the most intimate survey of sex surveys ever carried out. We want YOU to tell us the steamy secrets of your saucy bedroom secrets by completing this red hot sizzling questionnaire

We want you to reveal all. What puts you and your partner in the mood for filling in a sex survey? How often do you do it, and what part of a sex survey gives you and your partner the most pleasure. Answer each question by ticking (a), (b) or (c). Give one answer only. Then tot up your score. Our resident sex expert Dr Vermin Colon will then analyse your results and suggest a few saucy recipes for you to try in order to spice up your sex survey life.

1 How often do you and your partner fill in sex surveys?
a Once or twice a month
b About once a fortnight
c Every Sunday morning without fail

2 What quality do you think is most important in a sex survey?
a Quotes and advice from a bogus doctor
b Intimate descriptions of sex acts
c Semi-pornographic photographs of models posing on beds in their underwear

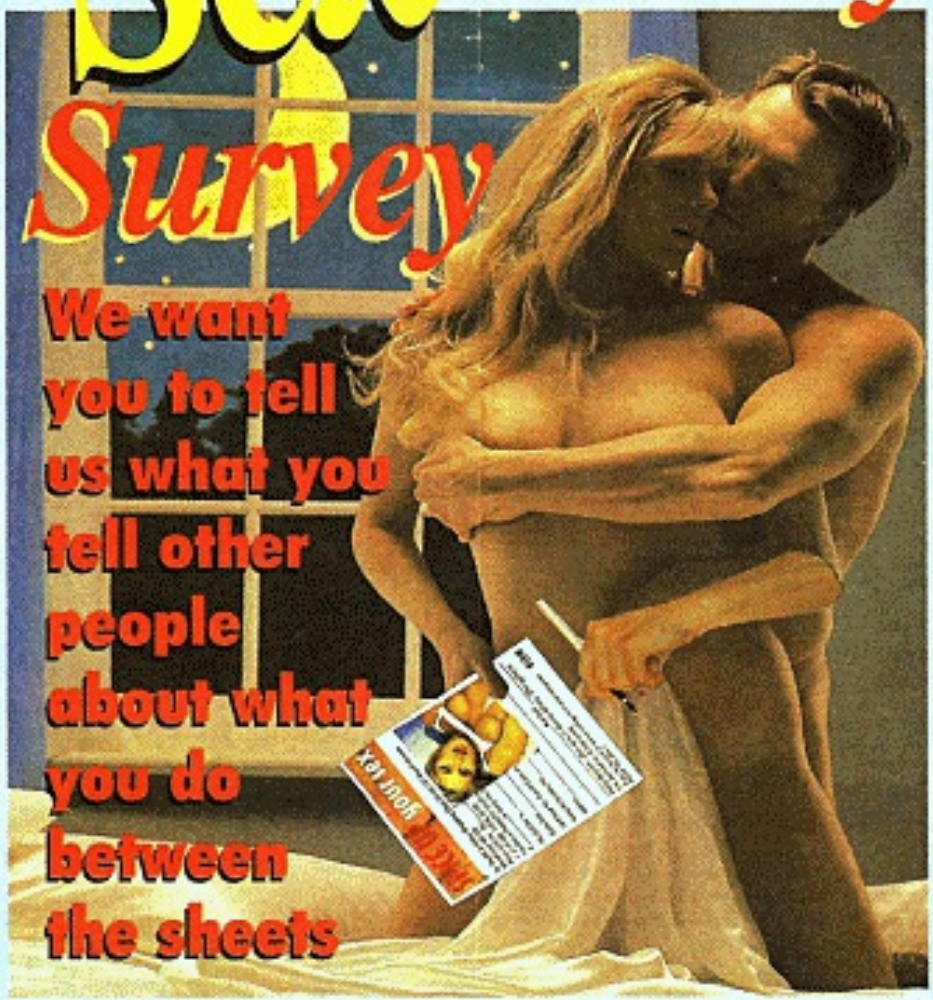
3 What is the most unusual place you have ever filled in a sex survey?
a On the kitchen table
b On the back seat of a car
c On an aeroplane

4 How old were you when you filled in your first sex survey?
a 18 or older
b Between 14 and 16
c Under 14

DO YOU AND YOUR PARTNER DARE COM

SIZZLING Sex Survey

We want you to tell us what you tell other people about what you do between the sheets



b A couple of times, with a long rest in between
c All night, anything up to a dozen surveys in all

11 Before he actually ticks the boxes, how much time does your man spend on survey foreplay, reading the introduction, looking at the pictures and running through the possible answers with you?
a Five minutes or less
b Ten or fifteen minutes
c Twenty minutes or longer

12 What sex survey position do you like best?
a You partner holding the pen, the magazine open on a table
b Your partner holding the pen, the magazine folded on his lap
c You holding the pen, your partner sitting on the couch

13 Which of the following improvements do you think would give you greater pleasure during sex surveys?
a A bigger pen to write with
b Little boxes to tick
c More pictures of girls with their tits out

14 To your knowledge have you or your partner ever faked an answer during a sex survey?
a Yes
b No, I don't think so
c No, definitely not

15 After a drunken office party you end up completing a sex survey with a colleague from work. The following day what would you do?
a Tell your colleague you have made a stupid mistake, confess to your partner and beg their forgiveness
b Act as if nothing had happened
c Ask your colleague if they fancy going away next weekend to do some more sex surveys with you in a hotel

16 What would you do if your husband brought a good looking friend home from the pub and suggested you all fill in a sex survey together?

5 Where did you have your first sex survey experience?
a At school
b At home while your parents were away
c In the street while doing your Sunday paper round

6 If your partner wanted to do a sex survey but you weren't in the mood, what would you do?
a Tell them you had a headache, and get on with cooking the Sunday lunch
b Complete the survey reluctantly, answering questions half-heartedly
c Fill in the survey to the best of your ability in order to give your partner maximum pleasure

Have you and your partner ever experimented during sex surveys?

7 What sort of activity gets you in the mood for a sex survey?
a A quiet evening at home with a romantic meal and a bottle of wine
b A night out at the movies followed by a visit to a night club
c A walk to the paper shop on a Sunday morning

8 In your entire lifetime how many different sex surveys have you filled in altogether?
a Only one
b Five or less
c 2000 or more

9 Have you and your partner ever experimented during sex surveys. With a different type of pen, for example?
a No, not at all
b Only once, but I didn't like it
c Yes, we do it all the time

10 How often can you and your partner fill in a sex survey in a single night?
a Just once then you fall asleep

Dr Vermin Colon

analyses your scores and offers a sensuous prescription to spice up your sex survey life



49 or less: Oh dear. Your survey life is in the doldrums. You and your partner need to make time to complete more pointless porny titillating tabloid questionnaires together. Next Sunday why not put the roast in the oven, take the phone off the hook, then sit down and flick through a sex survey together. Read the questions out loud, and take turns holding the pen. Relax and take it easy, answering just easy questions at first. Don't answer any questions that you feel uncomfortable with. You'll soon be in the swing. Soon you and your partner will be enjoying thrilling, fulfilling sex surveys all Sunday long.

50 or more: Phew! You and your partner make a sizzling double act! But there are still some improvements you could make, perhaps by showing a little more imagination between the pages. Girls, surprise your fella with a sex survey on Monday morning, during breakfast. Or sneak in and ask him questions while he's having a shower. But be careful not to get the magazine wet. If you do you may have trouble getting your biro to work on the damp paper.

Dr Colon's Casebook

No. 81 Jeff and Mandy

Fictitious couple Jeff and Mandy have been married for 647 years. They live in Ashford, Kent, in a house



Jeff, 546, has always had a bigger survey drive than Mandy. Says Jeff: "I used to want to do one every night, but often Mandy just wasn't in the mood. At first it wasn't a problem. I'd just go and do a survey on my own in the toilet". Then one day Mandy came home early from work and found Jeff doing a survey on the settee - with her best friend Wendy.

"At first I was furious", says Mandy. "Then I started chipping in with some of the answers. We ended up doing it together, all three of us. My inhibitions vanished in a flash, and I found myself ticking boxes I had only ever dreamed of before".

Their surveys had never been better, until one day Jeff came home and found Mandy and Wendy doing a sex survey together with Jeff's brother Terry. "I was livid", says Jeff. "He was even using my pen". Jeff and Mandy stopped having surveys, until one day Mandy's sister Kate popped round. Wendy was out, and Jeff suddenly found himself doing a survey with her 17 year old sister - who had never done a survey before.



Two more gratuitous pictures of people snogging in their underwear

When Mandy came home she caught them at it. To Jeff's surprise Mandy sat down and began to join in. "Things were soon hotting up and next thing you know Terry was doing a survey with Kate on the glass topped coffee table, while I lay underneath ticking boxes. Meanwhile Mandy was lying on the settee, answering questions from both of us at once".

Dr Colon says: "People often experience guilt after swapping or sharing partners for surveys like this", says Dr Colon. "But they should not. There is so much more to sex surveys if you're prepared to experiment a little and allow yourself to have a bit of fun".

However he added a word of caution for the Bishop of Durham.

"Experimentation is fine, but if a survey asks you what you would do if a farmer's cock appeared through a hole in a public lavatory wall 25 years ago, it is always best to tick the 'Leave it well alone' box".



- a Throw them both out of the house in disgust
- b Send his friend home in a taxi and tell hubby to sleep it off on the couch
- c Make your fella watch while you slowly begin to fill in the survey with his good looking pal, then produce another pen and ask hubby to join in

- 17 Have you ever filled in or fantasised about filling in a survey together with someone of the same sex?
 - a Yes, the idea excites you
 - b No, the thought turns your stomach
 - c Hey, don't knock it till you've tried it

- 18 Have you ever paid someone to fill in a sex survey with you?
 - a Yes
 - b No
 - c No, but I'm lying

- 19 You pop across to your neighbours to borrow his hedge trimmer. He's not in, but his good looking wife is sitting in the kitchen wearing only a loose fitting night gown. You notice a sex survey on the table in front of her.

She gestures to you with a pen, inviting you to join her. What would you do?

- a Throw caution to the wind and do the sex survey with her right there on the kitchen table
- b Politely make your excuses and leave, then come back for the trimmer later when her husband is in
- c Use an old pair of shears instead

- 20 Which of the following would be your ultimate sex survey fantasy?

- a Filling in a sex survey with the movie star of your dreams
- b Filling in a sex survey in a public place, like on a train, where the risk of being caught added to the excitement
- c Filling in a sex survey with an entire rugby team, in the showers, all fifteen of them taking turns at answering the questions

To obtain your love rating, award yourself 1 point for each answer A, 2 for a B and 3 for a C.

GILBERT RATCHET



I'M OFF TO CHURCH READERS, BECAUSE IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO



AT CHURCH (I'VE DECIDED TO HOLD THIS COMPETITION IN ORDER TO MAKE PEOPLE BECOME MORE LIKE OUR LORD JESUS, GILBERT)

GRAND COMPETITION PERFORM A MIRACLE AND WIN YOUR WEIGHT IN TOFFEE

LO! TOFFEE! I ABSOLUTELY LOVE TOFFEE



WITH MY KNOW-HOW, PERFORMING A MIRACLE WILL BE A DOODLE

JUST WATCH ME WALK ON WATER WITH THE AID OF MY FLOATING 'BALLOON SHOES'



HM, YES, A MOST IMPRESSIVE TECHNIQUE

SPLISH & SPLOSH



OH OH! THE FRICTION OF THE BALLOONS RUBBING AGAINST MY NYLON SOCKS IS CAUSING A DANGEROUS BUILD-UP OF STATIC ELECTRICITY

SPARK! CRACKLE

I THINK I'M ABOUT TO BE...



ELECTROCUTED

BANG!

SIZZLE

OUCH!



NEVER MIND, I'LL HAVE A SHOT AT BRINGING A DEAD PERSON BACK TO LIFE

THAT SHOULD BE PRETTY MIRACULOUS



DRY YOUR EYES, FRIENDS, AND DO NOT GRIEVE

THANKS TO MY TECHNICAL WIZARDRY, I'LL HAVE YOUR DEAR DEPARTED RELATIVE BACK ON HIS FEET IN TWO SHAKES



SHORTLY THERE, I'VE FITTED HIS LEGS WITH POWERFUL SPRINGS AND CONNECTED HIM UP TO THIS REMOTE CONTROL UNIT

LURCH

AND BEHOLD! THE DEAD SHALL WALK AGAIN!



BOOT

ON DEAR, MY RESURRECTED CORPSE HAS HOOFED THE VICAR IN THE GENITALS



YOU BLITHERING ARSE! YOU CALL THAT A MIRACLE? MY TESTICLES HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT OF MY EARS

SORE

THAT'S NOT MIRACULOUS, THAT JUST HURTS



LATER A POPULAR MODERN MIRACLE IS THE PHENOMENON OF STATUES WHICH APPEAR TO DRIP REAL BLOOD

AND THIS STATUE WILL BE BLEEDING LIKE A STUCK PIG BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED WITH IT



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DRILL OUT A HOLLOW INSIDE, FILL IT WITH TOMATO KETCHUP AND WAIT FOR THE 'BLOOD' TO OOOZE OUT

HERE GOES

CAREFUL GILBERT, THAT STATUE IS VERY OLD



DRRR-

KE-ROOSH!

MY STATUE!



THE VICAR SAYS I'VE GOT TO REPLACE THAT STATUE - SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO SCULPT A NEW ONE MYSELF

AHA, THIS LARGE BLOCK OF MARBLE WILL BE JUST THE TICKET



CHIP, CHIP

HEY! STOP THAT!

CHISEL, CHISEL



THAT'S NOT A BIG BLOCK OF MARBLE! I'M ESTHER RANTZEN, AND THAT'S MY ENORMOUS TEETH!

OOFS! I THINK I'VE COMMITTED A FAUX PAS



I CAN'T APPEAR ON THE TELLY WITH CHIPPED TEETH

I'LL JUST HAVE TO RETIRE FROM PUBLIC LIFE AND NEVER MAKE ANY MORE SELF-RIGHTEOUS TELEVISION PROGRAMMES EVER AGAIN



PRaise the Lord! SCOFFERING ESTHER RANTZEN'S CAREER IS WHAT I CALL A TRUE MIRACLE

CONGRATULATIONS GILBERT - YOU'VE WON THE COMPETITION



JUST FOLLOW ME FOR YOUR WEIGHT IN TOFFEE

WOOOPEE!



THERE YOU ARE, GILBERT - YOU CAN JUST 'WEIGHT' (EXCEPT SPOKE DIFFERENTLY) IN THIS VAT OF TOFFEE FOR ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES

VAT OF TOFFEE

BAN! IT'S THIS KIND OF 'WEIGHT' (EXCEPT SPOKE DIFFERENTLY) IN TOFFEE

THE CRITICS

...And now on Four, it's time for our late-night Arts programme, *Perspectives* with Natasha Critic...



Good evening... Tonight we look at one of the most controversial aspects of the Arts - The role of the Critic...



All too often, critics are caricatured as parasitical ego-maniacs, living and working in some sort of incestuous little clique...



With me to refute this sort of nonsense is the highly respected arts journalist, Crispin Critic... lovely to be here, Natasha.



...It's a privilege to appear on *Perspectives*, surely one of the most incisive and intelligent programmes on television today...



Now, Crispin, how do you see your profession?



...selflessly spotlighting new talent, tirelessly nurturing young artists, fearlessly scouting out dangerous avant-garde territory, yet always modestly leaving the glory and fame to others.



It is to this noble calling that I have dedicated my working life...



...and viewers can now read about my career in my new book of reminiscences, *A Constructive Life*, published by Chuttip and Windbag at only £15.99...



Ah yes... Surely one of the most incisive and intelligent new books to be published this year...



The following evening...

Caught your show on the box last night, Natasha... Marvellous!



Oh, I'll be far too busy to do any writing over the next few weeks... I'm on this year's judging panel for the Bookman Prize literary award.



...Reducing literature to the level of a commercial competition!

Pitting novels against each other as if they were racing cars! I know I couldn't do it!



That's a shame... Lord Bookman was looking for a couple of literary critics to make up the rest of the judging panel... We only get about £50,000 each but it's quite fun really...



Next day...

and one has always believed that competitors such as yours, Lord Bookman, bring a much needed dynamism into literary fiction.



Hmm...



Of course, if our years of experience can be of any assistance to this year's judging panel it would be an honour to serve on such a prestigious body...



Up a bit... Just in the crack...

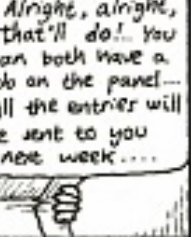
Certainly, your Lordship!

How's that, your Lordship?

Could one just say what a privilege it has been to perform this bidet-like service to such a sensitive and noble bottom, which...



Alright, alright, that'll do! You can both have a job on the panel... All the entries will be sent to you next week...



Next week...

When the books arrive, we must honour each novel with the full attention that a piece of literary self-expression deserves...

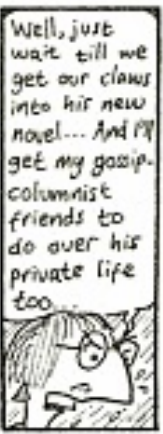
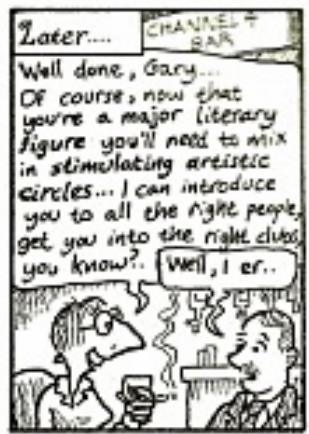
Absolutely! We must reverse each carefully chosen word, analyse each crucially placed punctuation mark...



There must be thousands! How long have we got to read them?

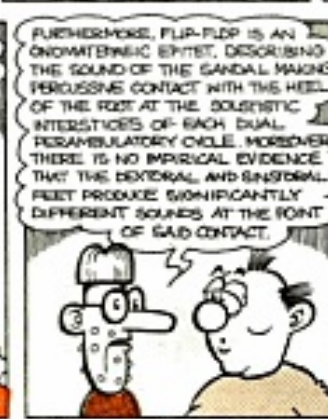
Er... Two weeks... We have to choose a shortlist of four books to bring before the rest of the judging panel.

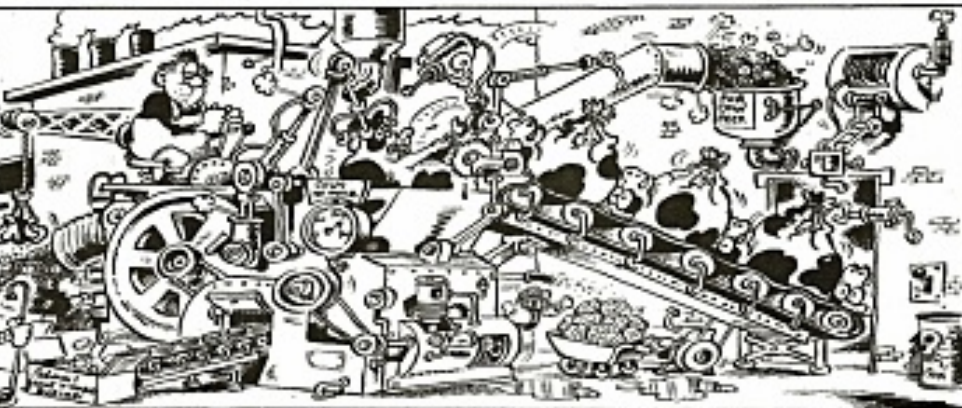




MR. LOGIC

hmm...
HE'S A VERY AWFUL MAN





There was more harp music, and Carol slowly awoke from her dream-like sequence to see a blurry figure standing over her.



Carol... Carol... are you okay?

Wake up Carol... wake up



Sorry... I must have nodded off or something

It's no good. The ground is too hard for digging, and I've got blisters on my hands. We're going to have to climb a tree instead



No Boggy. Forget it. We're going home.

Eh? But what about saving the foxes?

Come on. We can make a tree house, and handcuff ourselves to a bird's nest or something



What's got into you, Carol? Don't you care about the poor foxes anymore? Do you want them to be eaten by horses?

Yes, I do care...

But today my blinkered eyes were opened. I've been naive and vindictive. Now I can see fox hunting from both sides of the fence



You see Boggy, townies like us don't understand the ways of the countryside. We think we love animals, but in fact we're just sentimental fools, ignorant of the facts and envious of those better off than ourselves

Hunting is a tradition which lies at the very heart of country life. Ban it, and we will destroy all that we seek to preserve



Here. We shall meddle no more. Let's go back to our city, and leave the animals in the caring hands those who understand them... and occasionally kill them for fun

But if we don't go hunt sabotaging, what are we going to do next weekend?

I'm sure we'll think of something



The following weekend...

Save the whale! Boycott the burger!

McDonalds is murder!

BIG MAC IS BIG MURDER

BIG MAC IS BIG MURDER

They're killing our fish!



Excuse me, but did you know that the sea level is falling two inches a year because of all the water McDonalds use to wash their floors?

No, I didn't actually

S.O.S. SAVE OUR SEA FISH NOT FRIES

BIG MACS IS BIG MURDER

That's why so many whales are getting stuck on beaches you see. Because the sea is shrinking. Soon all the fish will drown... sort of thing



Here, Take a leaflet

BIG MACS IS BIG MURDER

It also explains how 10 per cent of all McDonald's profits are being used to finance the German invasion of Poland in 1939, etc. etc. etc.

The End